

Semi-Weekly Camden Journal.

VOLUME 2.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER 2, 1851.

NUMBER 69.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED BY
THOMAS J. WARREN.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL

Is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed for three months.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL

Is published at Two Dollars if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if payment is delayed for six months, and Three Dollars, if not paid until the end of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates: For one square (14 lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar per square.

The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in, must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be inserted semi-weekly until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

All communications by mail must be post-paid to secure attention.

C. MATHESON,
BANK AGENT.

AT HIS OLD STAND OPPOSITE DAVIS'S HOTEL

B. W. CHAMBERS,

Receiving and Forwarding Merchant,
AND
Buyer of Cotton and other Country Produce,
CAMDEN, S. C.

WILLIAM C. MOORE,

BANK AGENT,
And Receiving and Forwarding Merchant
CAMDEN, S. C.

REFERENCES—W. E. Johnson, Esq. Maj. J. M. DeSaussure, T. J. Warren, Esq.

PAUL T. VILLEPIGUE,

FACTOR,
And General Commission Merchant,
ACCOMMODATION WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Liberal advances made on consignments of Produce, and prompt attention given to the forwarding of Goods, at the lowest rates.
Aug. 26. 65

A. G. BASKIN,

Attorney at Law, and
Solicitor in Equity,
Office in Rear of Court House,
CAMDEN, S. C.
Will practice in the Courts of Kershaw and adjoining Districts.

A. G. BASKIN,

MAGISTRATE,
CAMDEN, S. C.

JOS. B. KERSHAW,

Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity,
CAMDEN, S. C.
Will attend the Courts of Kershaw, Sumter, Fairfield, Darlington and Lancaster Districts.

W. H. R. WORKMAN,

Attorney at Law, and Solicitor in Equity,
CAMDEN, S. C.
(Office nearly opposite A. Young's Book Store.)
WILL ATTEND THE COURTS OF
Darlington and Sumter Districts.
Business entrusted to him will meet with prompt and careful attention. July 26.

C. S. WEST,

Attorney at Law.
Office in Rear of the Court House, Camden, S. C.
June 17 45 2ms

F. J. OAES,

Saddlery and Harness Manufacturer,
Opposite Masonic Hall,
CAMDEN, S. C.

S. D. HALLFORD,

Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
AND GENERAL AGENT,
Camden, S. C.

R. J. McCREIGHT,

COTTON GIN MAKER.
Rutledge St., one door east of M. Drucker & Co.
CAMDEN, S. C.

Charles A. McDonald,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
CAMDEN, S. C.

F. ROOT,

AUGUSTINE.
CAMDEN, S. C.

RICE DULIN,

FACTOR AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
CENTRAL WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
May 2. 35 tt

Z. J. DeHAY,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
CAMDEN, S. C.

THOMAS WILSON.

Fashionable Boot Maker,
CAMDEN, S. C.

WM. M. WATSON,

Fashionable Tailor,
CAMDEN, S. C.

JON. B. MICKLE.

Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity,
WINSBOROUGH, S. C.
(Office in the rear of the Court House.)
may 6. 36 4m

GLOVERS & DAVIS,
Factors and Commission Merchants,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Aug. 8 62 3m

PAVILION HOTEL.
(BY H. L. BUTTERFIELD.)

CORNER OF MEETING AND HASELL STREETS,
AND IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY OF HAYNE AND
KING STREETS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

ROBERT LATTA'S
GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE,
CAMDEN, S. C.

CHARLES A. PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CAMDEN, S. C.

WILL PRACTICE in Kershaw and the adjoining
Districts.
Feb. 4

C. A. PRICE,
Magistrate.
OFFICE AT THE COURT-HOUSE, CAMDEN, S. C.

COURTENAY & WIENGES,
BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS

AND DEALERS IN
CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Opposite the Post Office.
Agents for the best Green and Black Teas, and
Patent Medicines.

S. G. COURTNEY. G. W. WIENGES.

C. M. WIENGES,
SADDLE AND HARNESS
MANUFACTURER,
CAMDEN, S. C.

BERNADOTTE D. BRONSON,
Sheet Iron and Tin Ware Manufacturer,
OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE,
CAMDEN, S. C.

Marine, Fire, and Life Insurance.

BY THE
Commercial Insurance Company,
OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

CAPITAL, \$250,000, ALL PAID IN.
OFFICE, NO. 1, BROAD-STREET.

PRESIDENT,
WILLIAM B. HERIOT.

DIRECTORS,
JAMES K. ROBINSON, HENRY T. STREET,
GEO. A. TRENHOLM, WM. McHURNEY,
ROBERT CALDWELL, J. H. BRADLEY,
A. R. FAFF, P. L. WEAVER,

A. M. LEE, Secretary,
E. L. TESSIER, Inspector,
R. C. PRESLEY, Auditor,
R. A. KINLOCH, Medical Examiner.

The subscriber having been appointed agent for this
Company, is now prepared to receive Proposals for FIRE
Risks, and will effect Insurance on fair and liberal
terms.
WM. D. McDOWALL,
Camden, S. C., May 5, 1851. 36

MANSION HOUSE.
CAMDEN, S. C.

GARD.

THE undersigned begs leave to return his grateful
thanks to his friends and the travelling Public, for
the liberal support which he has received since he has been
opened, (four months) and has entered upon his duties for
1851, with renewed energy to endeavor to please all that
may call upon him, both rich and poor. His House will
be found one of the most desirable situated, and best fur-
nished Hotels in Camden. His servants also will be
found respectful and attentive, and the table will be
supplied with the best the market affords.

His Stables and Carriage Houses are roomy and always
fully supplied with Provender, and an experienced Hostler.
An Omnibus calls at the House every morning for pas-
sengers for the Railroad. Give me a call and test my motto.
As you find me,
So recommend me.

E. G. ROBINSON,
Proprietor.
Camden, February 7th, 1851. 11

Darlington Hotel,
DARLINGTON COURT-HOUSE.

THE above House having been purchased and
fitted up anew by JOHN DOTEN, is again opened
for the accommodation of the Public. Strict
attention to the wants and comforts of guests
will be given, and no effort, calculated to merit
the patronage of all who may favor the establish-
ment with a visit, shall be spared.

All that the market and surrounding country
afford will be found upon the table.

Comfortable rooms, for families or individuals,
are prepared.

The Stables will be attended by careful and
attentive hostlers.

Drovers can be well accommodated, as any
number of horses and mules can be kept in the
stables and lots expressly prepared for them.
Nov. 1, 1850. 86

NEW STORE.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and
the public generally, that he has opened an
extensive stock of **GROCERIES**, at the stand
formerly occupied by Joseph W. Doby, one door
south of Campbell's Bakery, and opposite H. Levy
& Son, where may be found all articles usually
kept in the Grocery line, consisting in part
of the following:

Fulton Market Beef
No. 1 and 2 Mackerel in kists, for family use;
Rio and Java Coffees; crushed and brown Sugars;
New Orleans Molasses, (new crop) butter, wine
and soda crackers; cheese, buckwheat, raisins,
currants, almonds, English mustard, fiberts, pecan
nuts, assorted pickles and preserves.

Also—
A few doz. old Port Wine, Heidsieck best Cham-
pagne, London Porter and Scotch Ale in pints, to-
gether a large stock of Bagging, Rope and Twine,
all of which he offers low for cash.

Jan. 1. S. E. CAPERS.

Ladie's Dress Goods.

A Splendid assortment of Ladie's Dress Goods
in a great variety of styles, will be sold at
greatly reduced prices to close them out. Among
them may be found some very rich and rare pat-
terns.
E. W. BONNEY.

From the State Rights Republican.

THE MARTYR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The sun-light streamed through the prison
casement, and lit up with a gleam of happiness
the lonely cell. Its beams fell upon one who
would never again behold its setting, and
brought to his sad heart thoughts of his home,
his country, his own gloomy fate, and dreams
of the past—the buried past. It is the last time
that sun will ever dawn for him—the last time
he can gaze upon its beams, glancing over the
bright waters, or watch the glad waves of the
blue Atlantic, as they lave the glowing shores
of his native State. There has gone forth that
awful sentence—"Thou shalt die!" He has
been condemned as a traitor, and he must die
a traitor's death. Traitor! must such as he be
called traitor?

He was torn from the couch of a dying wife,
and marched to a gloomy prison. There, the
soldiers of King George offered him his alterna-
tive: "Swear not to take up arms against
your king, and you shall not be called upon to
fight against your country. Give us this oath
and you may return; refuse, and the prison
must be your abode. The feelings of the man
triumphed over those of the patriot, and he
swore to remain neutral. The promise of the
British was broken; he was called upon to
support the Royal Standard. This released
him from his allegiance, and he again drew his
sword in defence of America. This was treason
to his Majesty; for this he must die. Nothing
could save him. Lord Rawdon turned
away from the petition of the Governor, and
with cold elegance denied the request of "Car-
olina's rebel daughter." Then came she
"who was bound by the ties of sisterhood," to
the condemned, and with her his son; but the
proud Briton, turning away from that sister's
glance, and the mild, imploring look of that
noble boy, as he prayed him to spare his father's
life, answered still, "He must die!" That sol-
emn edict, "Death by the gibbet's rope," has
been spoken, and calmly and fearlessly Car-
olina's patriot son awaited his doom.

Alone in the deep and massy prison, the
stray sun-beams gleaming over the dark, damp
floor, and the thick, grey wall, the spider weav-
ing her gossamer web over the names of those
who have suffered as he now suffers, the cricket
on the cold earth, was the captive—alone,
save with his God! That God only, might
ever know the conflicting emotions that swept
over heart and mind. He knew the keen agony
that wrapt his soul in gloom. He alone
could cheer that noble spirit, shrouded in dark-
ness and woe. A vision of the future came
over his soul; a vision of his country in chains
and bondage; her soil, enriched by the heart's
blood of her brave sons, smiling a plentiful har-
vest for the oppressor; her children the slaves
of England's monarch. Then came a dream
of all that he would have done for that bleeding
country; a dream of the laurels she would have
wreathed around his brow, and the blessing
that would have rested upon his name.

Clearly upon the still air St. Michael's chime
told forth the hour of twelve. St. Michael's
chime! How many thoughts does that sound
bring to my mind! thoughts of all that has
been, and can never, never be again! My wife,
I have no tears for thee; they were all shed
when we laid thee down to sleep in thy still
damp grave. Thou hast watched over me in
"deep, impenetrable, immortal love," from thy
spirit home. Thy smile has beamed upon me
in the soft light of the stars—thy voice, low-
toned and sweet, has whispered to me in the
gentle murmur of the wind. And now, I am
hastening to join thee in that Heaven, where
the tread of armies, the wild blast of the trumpet,
and the fierce battle-cry are never heard.
There is bliss, there is Heaven in the thought,
and yet, Earth, thou hast strong ties to bind me
to thee! My children, I must leave you father-
less and alone. The deep waters of the dark
and turbid river will soon roll between you and
me. Then, who will care for you, my orphan
ones? He who has promised to be a "father
to the fatherless," even the Shepherd of Israel.
He will shield you from every danger, and sus-
tain you through all the stormy strife of your
existence. Live so, that when he sends his
angels to call you from this world of death and
sorrow, you may be ready to meet him in a
brighter and holier land. May the only King
I serve look down upon you, my children, and
grant a dying father's "God bless you!"

"My country! my country! must I leave
thee still in iron's? thy shores trodden by the
foot of the proud oppressor, thy houses desolated
and laid waste by British tyranny? My
cup of agony is full, yet I bless thee, my Father,
that one drop of joy—stern, indeed—but
oh, how blissful is mingled amid its deepest,
darkest dregs. I thank thee that I may die for
my country, than which a more glorious thy
son never shone upon. Willingly do I give
back the life thou gavest, willingly do I lay it
down upon the altar of Liberty. I might wish
that the manner of my death were more glorious—
that I could die on the battle field—die
supporting the banner of the stars. I but asked
a soldier's death—a soldier's burial. Brit-
ain sternly denied me. But this avails nothing
with thee. Thou wilt give me strength, my
Father, to teach my foes how an American can
die. Thou knowest that I have been wronged.
Thou wilt avenge me. How many a hand will
crasp the sword, and rush to the field of car-
nage, when the story of my wrongs—my death
is heard! From the snowy mountains of
Maine to the red old hills of Georgia, they will
rise up and nerve their hearts to yet sterner
deeds."

"And thou, my State, my gallant, patriotic
little State! I thought to see the bright star
of victory, shining above thy Palmetto tree, and
the snowy dove of peace nestling amid its green
branches. But this blessed hope is crushed,
and I must go down to the grave, leaving thy
shield shrouded in a pall of darkness. Caroli-

na, Carolina, with what deathless chains of love
art thou twined around this heart. Dearly
hast I loved thee—dearly do I love thee, even
now, in this last, darkest hour of my existence.
Thou wert the foremost to throw off the do-
minion of old England! Never submit to the
yoke of her monarch. Even choose death to
submission—a grave to chains and servitude.
Sooner would I see every member of my State
die in her defence; aye, even as I shall die ere
this day's sun shall go to rest, than that she
should submit and remain in bondage and oppres-
sion. South Carolina, receive my bless-
ing, the last I shall ever give to thee. Guard
thou the Palmetto Banner with thy life, when
death only can save it from dishonor; let thy
heart's blood crimson its snowy whiteness, but
never suffer the stain of submission to color its
glorious folds. But this is not a time to cling
with such deathless affections to what is of
"earth, earthy." The thoughts of this last hour
should be of thee only, my Heavenly Father."

It was the hour of noon. Not a zephyr stirred
the hot air, or ruffled old Ocean's sleeping
billows. The breeze scarcely murmured amid
the snowy flowers of the orange groves, or wa-
ved the white incense cups of the magnolia.—
The Red Cross of St. George waved not proud-
ly and free from the citadel turret, but consci-
ous of the life blood that crimsoned its flutter-
ings, drooped mournfully downward, and more
human than its defenders, could not gaze upon
another scene of murder. The sun poured
down its burning rays upon the glowing sands
of Charleston; mournfully drooped the hang-
ing moss from the branches of the old oaks.—
How many a dark and bloody scene had that
calm sky looked down upon, and over those
still waters, how often had the sigh of the lone-
ly captive, the groan of the dying soldier, been
wafted. A stillness like death—a gloom like
the shadow of the grave, hung over the city.—
That deep silence, like the calm preceding the
tornadoes of the Indies, foretold a convulsion,
but a mightier far than that of wind or water.
"The still small voice" that spoke in the Mar-
tyr's death, aroused the fierce whirlwind and
earthquake of human passion.

Beyond the precincts of the city, upon a worn
out common, were gathered all those who had
deserted the streets of Charleston. There was
the gold and scarlet uniform of the British offi-
cer, the plain dress of the civilian, the peaceful
drab of the quaker, even the copers suit of the
negro. There was not heard the shout of con-
tending armies, the roar of artillery, that attends
the soldier's death. No hearse with sable
plums was there, no muffled drum, no crape-
shrouded banner, to mark the soldier's funeral.
Instead of these were the gibbet, the rude white
pine coffin, the carrier's cart. Beside that
coffin stood ISAAC HAYNE, the Martyr of Car-
olina. A halo seemed hovering around that
noble form, and on that glorious brow was writ-
ten the strength of high and holy resolve.—
There was a smile in his full dark eye, upraised
to Heaven, as though, like the exile returning
to his native land, he had pierced the mists
around him, and was gazing upon his heavenly
home.

Every brow was pale; upon every face was
written the feeling of the heart—hatred, wrath
and sorrow, struggling for the mastery. But
no tears were there; that scene was too sub-
lime for tears. The soldiers of King George
looked gloomy; even to them, a voice was cry-
ing "Murder!" The executioner advanced to
raise the fatal drop. Suddenly the word "Fa-
ther!" was borne upon the still air, uttered in
tones of such wild agony, that even the rude
soldiers started, and the hand of the execu-
tioner fell powerless by his side. A boy, over
whose head scarce twelve summer's suns had
shone, dashed through the crowd. Beautiful
was that young face, with its dark, flashing
eyes, its raven curls, waving over a broad, high
forehead, upon which the seal of intellect was
stamped.

"Father," he exclaimed, as the martyr fold-
ed him to his heart, "America will avenge her
murdered Hayne! England shall yet weep
tears of blood for thee!" and his pale lip quiv-
ered with scorn as he gazed upon his father's
foes and his own.

"My noble boy, weep for your father, but
weep not that he died for his country. Love
that country even as he loved it; with his
sword, and your own life defend it. Go forth
to battle with a stout heart and strong arm,
and if you fall, Columbia's flag will form your
winding-sheet. May the God of Battles, bless
you, my son."

The boy turned away, and with a firm proud
step passed through that host of glittering
blades, and brilliant uniforms. Every heart
was full of compassion for that lone, injured
child—every heart re-echoed the words, "God
bless you!" He turned to gaze upon his father
for the last time. A strange, wild light gleam-
ed in his dark eye, and he laughed a bitter, un-
earthly laugh.

Hayne lived as South Carolina wishes her
sons to live; he died as South Carolina wishes
her sons to die. He taught his country's ene-
mies, "How an American could die." His
ashes sleep in a narrow grave, beneath the red
soil of his native State, but the breast of every
Carolinian is his sepulchre. His monument is
a nation's gratitude, his epitaph, a nation's tears.
Carolina wept stern tears for him, but "Britain
paid them back in drops of blood." Seventy
years have passed away. Dust has returned
to dust—ashes to ashes—but to us his memory
is still holy, his name is still sacred.

South Carolinians, have we proved true to
his dying charge? Have we guarded our Pal-
metto Banner from dishonor? We are answer-
ed by the Carolina war, closed so gloriously by
our own FENWICK, echoed by the heights of
Charabuseo—that bloody battle from which so
few of our Palmetto boys returned, and those
few an orphan band. Carolina, thy flag that

day was stained with the blood of the noble
BUTLER, thy Palmetto Banner formed his pall.
Well did she deserve a place in the picture, and
the name she won, "The Harry Hotspur of the
Union." Nobly, right nobly did her gallant
sons defend her colors, and we can unfurl our
standard, unstained and beautiful as when
Marion's men bore it through the cypress
swamps of Charleston, or Sumter waved it on
the high hills of Santee. And when a darker
time shall come—darker than "Old 76, or
Young '47"—still, Palmetto boys, remember
the words of our patriot martyr, "Death to
submission, a grave to chains and servitude,"
and with the motto, "God, and our sacred rights"
engraven on your Palmetto shield, go forth to
victory, or a grave. With "the blood of the
murdered Hayne upon the soil," the sacred
dead of '47, sleeping beneath her red earth, the
ashes of Calhoun reposing within her borders,
South Carolina dare not submit, and become a
slave. While we remember the words and ex-
ample of our mighty statesman, who is gone,
the freedom for which he lived and died, must
and shall be ours. Let others sneer at our glo-
rious little State, and seek to defame her, we
will cherish her, love her and defend her to the
last. When that dark day comes, and come it
surely will, the words of every South Carolin-
ian will be "millions for defence, not a cent for
tribute."

THE ORANGE CULTURE IN FLORIDA.

It was with gratification that we saw it an-
nounced that the Orange Trees of our sister
State, Florida, were fast recovering from the
deadly blight which has afflicted them for the
last sixteen years. Should this announcement
prove true it will be a source of immense
wealth.

Previous to 1835, when the Orange Groves
were killed by the unprecedented frost that
year, not less than 10,000,000 of Oranges
were shipped from the St. John's River and
the port of St. Augustine, and sold at the aver-
age price of \$1 per hundred. It was a heavy
blow to the citizens of Florida, to have the
source of so much wealth cut off in one night.

And this was the produce of a compara-
tively small portion of ground and trifling labor.
The average produce of an acre of full grown
Orange Trees, was about \$1000 per annum,
and one hand could tend two or three acres
with ease. Their culture is no more difficult
than any other fruit tree. The principal mode
of producing them is from the seed. They may
be produced also from the layer or cutting.
There are some groves on the St. John's
River, which have been budded upon the na-
tive Sour Orange, which is found in almost every
swamp and hammock in the State.

With the very extensive means and facilities
of communication by means of steam and rail-
road now existing, many, very many years
must elapse before the market can be supplied
fully with this luscious fruit.

Sincerely do we hope the announcement al-
luded to may not be premature. It will re-
store wealth to a large portion of the State,
and give to property, the value of millions,
where it is scarcely worth dollars now.

Charleston Mercury.

Sources of New Orleans Population.—We
have often heard it remarked says (DeBow)
that New Orleans was a most perfect medley
of all nations and the people under heaven.
The late report of the superintendent of public
schools of Municipality number one somewhat
confirms the impressions. It appears there are
2,256 scholars registered:

"Of the scholars, there are 179 whose mo-
ther tongue is the French; 909, the English; 30-
8, the German; 43, the Spanish; 16, the Italian,
and 1 the Polish language. 1,163 were born
in Louisiana; 306 in other States of the Union;
269 in France; 227 in Germany; 167 in Ire-
land; 69 in England and Scotland; 18 in Italy;
11 in Spain; 8 in Mexico; 5 in the West Indies,
4 in Cuba; 3 in Canada; 3 in Belgium; 2 in
Switzerland; 1 in Denmark; 1 in Poland, and 1
in Australia."

The Public Lands.—The treaties just con-
cluded with the Upper and Lower Sioux Indi-
ans add thirty-seven millions acres to the pub-
lic lands of the United States. The aggregate
sum which the Government binds itself to pay
for the lands is \$2,800,000. The lands lie
along and west of the Mississippi, from the
Iowa State line south to the Falls of St. An-
thony, and above that place. "Here," remarks
the Galena Advertiser, "is land enough to give
a comfortable home to every pauper in the
civilized world." Such folk, we apprehend,
would make but poor citizens, although they
would swell the ranks of the freebooters, who
would rob those whose money in part has to
pay for those acquisitions.

Counterfeit South Carolina Money.—A tra-
veller passing through Russell Co. recently stop-
ped at a gentleman's house, and for the enter-
tainment of himself and horse, proffered a three
dollar bill on the Bank of South Carolina, and
received the necessary change. The bill is
printed on poor paper, its general appearance
indicates that it is a bad specimen of work-
manship. It has a heavy vignette on one end
only, with a design of a ship in full sail in the
centre, and the words "three" in countersunk
letters across the top and bottom of the vignet-
te. Its number is 452, and the date reads
"June 20th, 1851," both across the top of the
bill. The signatures of the President and
Cashier are not written with a pen, but engrav-
ed. The bill purports to be payable in Char-
leston. There are, no doubt, others of a like
stamp in circulation, and persons should be on
their guard in receiving a poor looking bill of
this or any other bank.—Columbus Enquirer,
19th inst.